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come and hospitality for which they are so well known.—The mountain-range of Maam Turk was on my right the whole way from Flynn's to Ballinahinch; and an inferior range of hills on the left, casting their sombre shadows on the intervening valley, from one side or the other, as the day advanced. But at Ballinahinch I found myself amidst the splendid mountains called the Twelve Pins, situated on the right, their conical tops rising to the height of from two thousand to two thousand five hundred feet; the loftiest bearing the name of *Lettery*. A good deal of this mountain-tract belongs to Mr. Martin, who has opened marble quarries, which are said to produce a beautiful light-green steatite, and a bottle-green serpentine.

"Having started from the half-way house at a very early hour, I was not sorry to arrive at the hotel of Clifden, a small town situated about six miles to the west of Ballinahinch, in time to take a late breakfast, for which the mountain air had given me a keen appetite. Clifden is a very neat town, quite new, as its adjunct of Newton (which is often used in Ireland) implies. Indeed, some twenty years ago, not a house was seen where the town now stands, but only a few straggling cottages, whose inhabitants were mostly employed in digging turf out of the bogs for exportation to Galway. The houses are good, and it has a considerable coasting trade. The population is estimated to be from 1500 to 2000. The liberal terms on which Mr. D'Arcy lets his land, have given great encouragement to those who may desire to build: it is evidently a thriving place, and, having a tolerably good harbour in the bay of Ardbear, the trade is likely to increase along with the town.

"I walked by the side of the river on which the town is built, down to the harbour, from whence at a short distance is the castellated house of Mr. D'Arcy, very delightfully situated on the slope of the hill at the entrance of the bay, which it faces, and sheltered from the western winds; the plantations on this account seem to thrive remarkably well. On returning by the upper road, a charming view is afforded of the little town of Clifden, with its white houses backed by the high, broken, and denuded mountains of the Twelve Pins of Benabola, on the broad and rocky sides of which the light and shade were beautifully playing, as the clouds flitted across the sun.....

"We soon came in sight of the Killery harbour. This is a singular inlet of the sea, running up eight or nine miles into the heart of the mountain, like a narrow, deep canal, in which the largest ship of the line may find water enough, but the width is not more than three-quarters to one-eighth of a mile. It is hemmed in on one side by the base of the mountain-peaks of the Pins and their branches, and on the other by the Muilrea, and the mountainous promontory of Morrisk. It thus bears a nearer resemblance to a Norwegian fiord than any other inlet I have seen out of that country—far inferior, however, to those noble fiords of Norway, so many of which I crossed two years ago. The Killery is not much frequented by salmon, but the multitude of cranes, curlews, and gulls seemed to indicate the presence of other kinds of fish. This inlet is in the very heart of Joyce's country, of which Big Jack is considered to be the chief and representative of his gigantic family.....

"In the course of conversation, I asked him if many of those Irish amusements called *Patterns* (Patrons)—which we should call fights, as they generally end in—were held in his country, as Inglis gives an account of one he had witnessed not far off. On my mentioning the name of Inglis, he told me had read his book; that he thought he was a very well-meaning man; but that he had made too much of him (Joyce), as he was not so great a person as Inglis gave him out to be. With regard to my question respecting the Patterns, he said that they were held now and then; and that at the last Saint-day a great row was very nearly taking place, in which the contending parties were on the point of proceeding to a deadly conflict. Joyce said he thought it right to interfere; but they were not much disposed to listen to him at first. 'However,' said he, 'I soon frightened them into it. Will you behave?' says I: if you don't, I'll have the gangs out, and give both sides of ye a walloping.' The word, it

would seem, was enough: the combatants took the hint, and laid down their shillelaghs. No wonder—a gang of the Joyces, judging from what I saw of them, must indeed be a formidable body to encounter."

And now, in dismissing Mr. Barrow for the present, we would observe, what our readers must indeed long before this have noticed, that, contrary to our usual practice with authors writing upon Irish subjects, we have been nearly as severe as we could be on the work before us; and we make no excuse for being so, inasmuch as it appeared to us to merit the severest castigation we could give it. To say that a young man, evidently ignorant of every thing connected with Ireland, and the habits and manners of the Irish people, should, after "*a six weeks' visit*," have the temerity to write a work purporting to describe such an extent of country as that over which he travelled—with its localities, inhabitants, capabilities, &c. &c., was not a little surprising; but that he should, on so short an acquaintance, have ventured to give a caricature representation of almost every thing he met with, was a misdemeanour not to be overlooked by the Dublin Penny Journal. The inhabitants of Ireland have been too long held up to view as a set of ourang-outangs, and their habits and manners been too long misrepresented; and it is our determination, as far as our influence extends, to prevent a recurrence of the like in future—to teach gentlemen, that if they do think proper thus to amuse themselves at the expense of our people, we shall endeavour to return the compliment by amusing the people at their expense—that if they must travel, and write books, it will be much safer for them to choose some other portion of the earth for their peregrinations, unless they take time to write them as they should be written—that it will be much more likely to answer their purpose to describe Iceland than Ireland, or the Norwegian fiords than the rivers or mountain wilds of Kerry or Connemara; for they must be taught that Ireland is not now the *terra incognita* it was some few years since; and that the individual who attempts to describe any great extent of country here, or to delineate the varied manners of its inhabitants in different districts, must make up his mind to reside a much longer time amongst us than six weeks, even supposing them to come in the *sixty-five* days during which, Mr. Barrow tells us, it does not rain in Ireland.

Of the illustrations we must say, that while they are creditable to the artist as evincing his cleverness in "design," and while they might have answered well enough for a work of fiction, such as Carleton's "*Traits and Stories*," or "*Lovers' Legends*," they are inadmissible into a work professing to give a true description of what the traveller has himself seen.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.

The following is the extract furnished relative to the discovery of a wooden structure at the bottom of a bog, described in a letter from Captain Mudge:—

"But the most extraordinary discovery yet made, in digging deep into a bog, is that (which I alluded to in a former letter) of an ancient structure of wood dug out of Drunkelin bog, in the parish of Inver, on the northern coast of Donegal Bay; so ancient, indeed, as to lead to the conclusion that, at the date of erecting the building, the use of iron was unknown to the natives. The discovery was made in June 1833, by James Kilpatrick, when searching for bog-timber. This process is performed by probing the bog with long iron rods, varying in length from eight to fifteen feet. The description is given by Captain Mudge of the royal navy, who is employed in surveying that part of the coast, and who was an eye-witness of all that he describes, the details of which were sent to the Society of Antiquaries, and will, I presume, be published in the '*Archæologia*.'

"The upper part of the house was only four feet below the present surface of the bog; but as successive layers of peat had been taken off for forty years, and comparing it with the neighbouring surface which had not been removed, Captain Mudge thinks that the depth of the roof may be taken at sixteen feet. The whole frame-work was

so firmly put together, that it required the use of a crow-bar to tear it asunder. The roof was quite flat, composed of broad oak planks, from one and a half to three inches thick, which had evidently been split with wedges from solid blocks, the fibres being torn, and remaining as rough as common laths. The edges bore the round form of the tree, being untrimmed in any manner. The seams appeared to be filled up with a cement of grease and fine sea-sand, which was the case with the seams of the planking of the floor. The house was twelve feet square by nine feet high, formed of rough blocks and planks. It was divided into two apartments by a second floor, at about the half-way of its height, each room being four feet high on the clear. The fabric rested on a bed or layer of sand, thickly spread on the surface of the bog, which continues to the depth of fifteen feet below the foundation of the structure, as was ascertained by probing with an iron rod.

"The frame-work was made of oak logs; the main sleepers, resting on the sand, were of a whole tree split in two, and the round part upwards; when put together, they measured twenty-three inches in diameter, and supposing the four from the same tree, as they appeared to be, were twenty-four feet long. Into these the upright posts of the frame were mortised. These mortices were rudely cut, or rather bruised, with some kind of blunt instrument; and there seemed to be little doubt that a stone chisel, found on the floor of the house, was the identical tool with which the mortices were made. Captain Mudge says, 'By comparing the chisel with the cuts and marks of the tool used in forming the mortices and grooves, I found it to correspond exactly with them, even to the slight curved surface of the chisel. A second stone, larger than the former, was also found on the floor, which, being ground at one end to the edge, was probably used as a wedge for splitting the timber. It is said to be of quartz.' I have seen this chisel, which appears to be of fine, close-grained, black basalt. The outside planks, which formed the sides, were laid edgewise on each other, the lowest one being inserted in a groove of the sleepers. One whole side, supposed to be the front of the house, was left entirely open.

"Some ingenuity appears to have been displayed in putting this rude fabric together, by means of mortices and stone-wedges, to keep them tight and prevent shaking. The floor alone was unmortised, but each plank being from four to six inches thick, split out of solid trees, their own weight was almost sufficient to keep them steady; and they were, besides, jammed into the frame. Besides the two stones above mentioned, there was a flat freestone slab, three feet by one, and two inches thick, having a hollow in the middle, about three-quarters of an inch deep. It was presumed to be a sort of deposit for nuts, a large quantity of whole and broken ones being found on the spot; and several round shingle stones strewed about were supposed to have been used to crack them.

"On digging a drain to carry off the water, which soon supplied the vacant space occasioned by the removal of the house, a paved road, or pathway, was opened out to the distance of fourteen yards, at the end of which was a hearth-stone composed of flat freestone slabs, and about three feet square, covered with ashes and charcoal; and close to it were about three or four bushels of half-burned charcoal, and nut-shells in great quantities, most of them broken, and some of them charred. There were also several blocks of wood and pieces of bog-turf partly burned.

"By sinking the drain about six feet, a course of stones was found, like a pavement, resting on a bed of birch and hazel-wood bushes, the interstices of the stones filled up with fine sea-sand, such as is now seen in Donegal Bay, about two miles from the spot, from whence also the shingle stones had been brought; and the freestone slabs were exactly such as are quarried at this day within a mile of the place. The bark of the birch and hazel appeared as fresh as if the trees had but just been cut down; and the colour of the wood was unchanged, but it was as soft as a cabbage-stalk. All the oak was as sound as that which is every day dug out of the neighbouring bogs.

"On a subsequent visit, Captain Mudge discovered two thick oak planks, with a mortice in each, which he thinks

were for the doorway leading to the passage; and from the number of ends of large oak logs seen in the sides of the section of the drain, he is of opinion that they belong to some other building, and that the one uncovered was only for a sleeping-place. When we consider that stumps of trees were standing, and their roots exposed on the same level of the bog on which the foundation of the house rests, similar in all respects to the timbers thereof, and that the bog has been probed to the depth of fifteen feet, we are carried back to a period of time to which the memory of man—we may say the history of man—does not extend; and the conjecture of Captain Mudge is not improbable, 'that some sudden and overwhelming calamity had buried all in one ruin.' May not that calamity have been occasioned by the flowing of some neighbouring bog over that on which the house was built?"

BALLEEN CASTLE, COUNTY KILKENNY.

About two miles N.W. from the little town of Freshford stand the imposing ruins of Balleen Castle. Situated on ground of considerable elevation, though of rather gradual ascent, they overlook a country of beautifully diversified appearance, in fine cultivation, and interspersed with numerous interesting remains of antiquity. Once a principal strong-hold of the noble house of Ormonde, this Castle was of considerable importance, as is sufficiently attested by the extent of the ruins, and the elegance of those parts of the building that have escaped destruction. Of the original structure but two towers at present remain—all the rest of the Castle, its halls and vaulted chambers, lie in a confused mass of rubbish at their feet; and, as if to mock at the departed grandeur of the place, a hovel has arisen within its fallen courts, and includes the ancient portal through which often passed with goodly retinue many a noble chieftain of the Butler race.

The north-west tower, one of those still standing, seems to have been erected in the course of the fourteenth century, and was the keep of the fortress as it then stood. It contained four floors, one of which was arched; a fine stone staircase in one of the angles that is now nearly destroyed, together with fire-places and the other usual appendages to a building of the kind—all of which are now in a most dilapidated condition. The other remaining tower is obviously of less antiquity; and were we not possessed of the real date of its erection, we would immediately attribute it to the middle or termination of the fifteenth century. The masonry of this part of the Castle is yet very free from decay; and had the dismantlers in the Parliamentary wars been less careful in their work of destruction, it would probably have continued to this time in a state of complete preservation. The windows of this tower, with their graceful label-mouldings, mullions, and transoms, some of which are overhung and interwoven with beautiful and exuberant ivy, are of elegant construction; over one of them is the date A.D. 1455, showing the erection of this side of the Castle to have taken place in the time of James, fifth Earl of Ormonde, who was a nobleman of great power, a favourite of Henry VI. (who conferred on him the additional title of Earl of Wiltshire), and so warmly attached to the Lancastrian cause, that, after the unfortunate battle of Towton, he was beheaded by the victorious Yorkists, into whose hands he had fallen, A.D. 1461. Balleen is traditionally reported never to have been wholly completed; and it is possible that the fatal termination of this nobleman's important military and political life interfered with the course of the building. What was finished appears to have been a large hall, connecting the two towers, with a fine wing running towards the east; the whole forming two sides of a square.

The earl most likely intended to have formed a residence befitting his rank and influence, had he not been interrupted by his untimely fate. But there is another name that has descended to posterity, not only on the page of history, but also on the tongue of tradition, connected with this castle, and indeed with most of those in the county of Kilkenny—that of Margaret Fitzgerald, lady of Piers, eighth earl of Ormonde. Born in times of continual tumult and disturbance, and when actual ability to resist danger, and energy of character, were the only